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#21

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

Eric Powell

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The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Dave Stewart

editor Scott Allie **assistant editor** Sierra Hahn

designer Amy Arendts **publisher** Mike Richardson

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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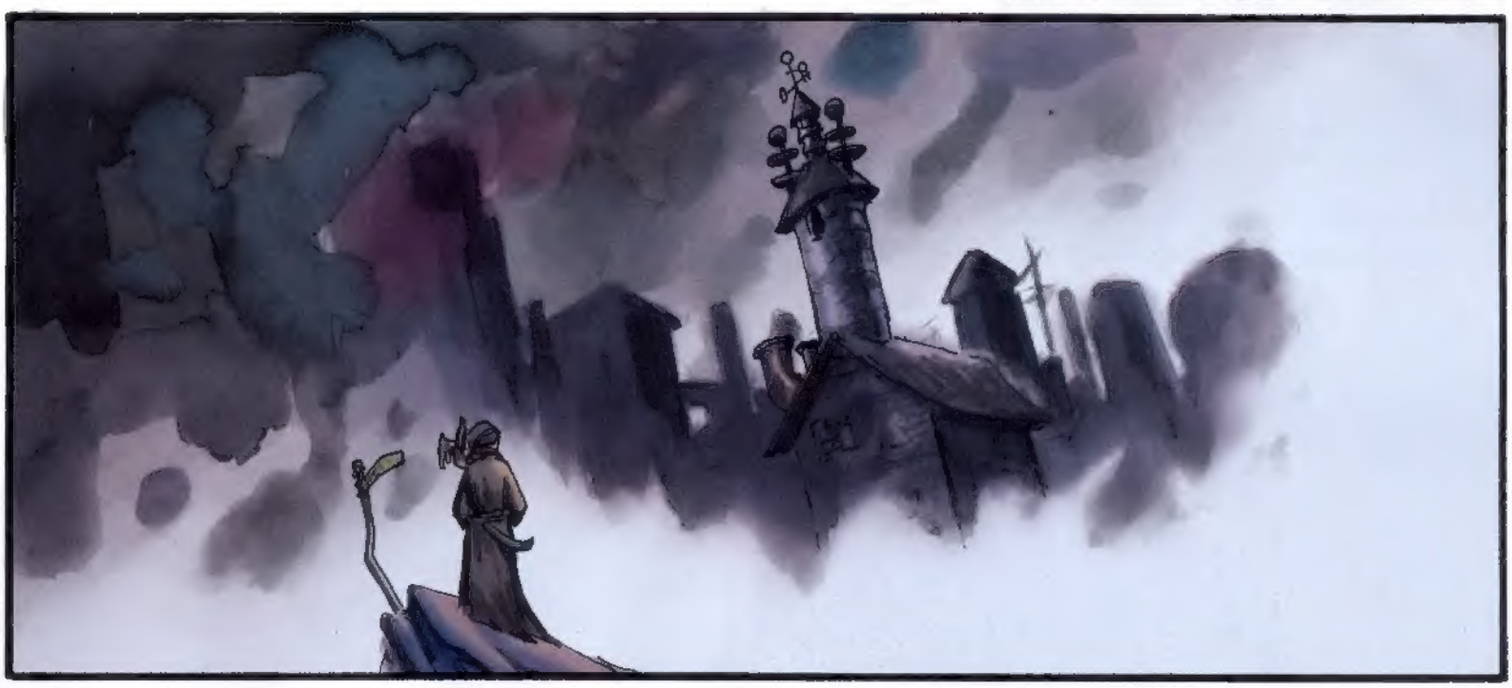
LONELY ST



TIME TO GO. JUST GO. FIND A NEW TOWN. START OVER. WHERE THEY WON'T FIND ME. YES, EVERYTHING IS FINE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU'VE BEEN RAMBLING FOR HOURS. WHO WON'T FIND YOU? GO WHERE?
LEAVING, STUPID! OPEN YOUR EYES!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.
BOOM!
HELLO, PRIEST.
HELLO, PRIEST.

WHEEEE!
LET'S FOLLOW THE GUMDROP ROAD TO ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN, FRANKY!
I LOVE YOU, VELVETEEN HORSEY!

RAWR!
HELLO, MR. BEAR!
AAH!
CHOMP!
RRRRRRRIP!
GRAH!
AAAH!
AAH!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, BOY? YOU DREAMING ABOUT YOUR FATHER SITTING IN A CLAM-SHAPED TUB SHAVING HIS LEGS WHILE A LARGE PINK-HAIRED WOMAN IN A COWGIRL OUTFIT PLAYS A TINY GUITAR AND GIGGLES MANIACALLY AT YOU? I HATE THAT ONE!
NAGEL! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?!
GOON TOLD ME TO COME OVER HERE AND MAKE SURE YOU STAY PUT WHILE HE WENT AND BLOWED UP THE BURLESQUE HOUSE. I'M MAKING A COCONUT CAKE!
A GUY PLAYS ONE PRACTICAL JOKE WITH A STICK OF DYNAMITE ON A BLIND GUY, AND THEY NEVER LET YOU LIVE IT DOWN! I SQUEEGEED THE SPLATTER OFF THE WINDOWS, DIDN'T I?!!
WHAT YOU OUGHTTA START THINKING ABOUT CLEANING UP NOW IS THAT HORSE CARCASS. IT'S STARTING TO STINK THE PLACE UP.
GAH!
ONE DAY, BEAR! ONE DAY YOU'LL GET YOURS!

G'MORNIN', GOON! WHATCHA UP TO?
TAKING THIS DYNAMITE OVER TO THE BURLESQUE HOUSE TO BLOW IT UP.
DYNOMITE
WELL, YOU ENJOY YOURSELF!
I WAS JUST THINKING LAST NIGHT THAT IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE ANYTHING BLOWED UP IN THIS TOWN.
LORD, YES, SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE BLOWED UP.
I SAW IT! I SAW IT! IT WAS GNAWING ON A DEAD DOG BEHIND MY MOMMA'S CLOTHESLINE!
AWW, PEACHES! YER FULLA BOLOGNA!
I SWEAR! JUST LOOK FOR YERSELF!
GOON! YOU GOTTA SEE THIS! IT'S THE BIGGEST TRANSVESTITE I'VE EVER SEEN!
I GOTTA BLOW UP THE BURLESQUE HOUSE!
DYNOMITE
BUT...! BUT...! COLOSSAL TRANSVESTITE!!

DANG!
DYNOMITE
LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THOSE SUPPORT HOSE!
LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!
YEP, THAT'S AN AWFUL BIG TRANNY, ALL RIGHT.

GWAH!
RAGAHR!
RAHR!

STAY BACK, KIDS! THAT THING'S GONE RABID!

ATTICUS, I'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D TAKE THE SHOT.

TATE, YOU KNOW I DON'T SHOOT TRANSVESTITES ANYMORE.

PLEASE, ATTICUS! TAKE THE SHOT!

OH, ALL RIGHT.

KRA-KOW!

PING!

GRRRRRR!

YOU JUST GRAZED HIM!
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT!
LOOK OUT! IT'S CHARGING!

FIGURES! HOW COME I'M ALWAYS THE ONE LEFT STANDING HERE TO FIGHT THE TRANSVESTITE?!
DYNOMITE

AHHH!! I'M HIDEOUS!

MY MASTER SAYS YOUR MASTER HAS GONE MAD, CAT.
POOR MASTER. POOR, POOR MASTER. HE IS MISUNDERSTOOD, MONKEY.
HE IS DOOMED, CAT.

I REMEMBER HOW BRASH AND ARROGANT YOU USED TO BE. SO SELF-IMPORTANT. SO PROUD. THEN THAT HUMAN DISGRACED YOU AGES AGO. HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TO BE PROUD OF SINCE THEN, HAVE YOU?
"LETTING A HUMAN LEARN YOUR SECRET NAME AND HUMILIATE YOU. TURNING THAT SHERIFF INTO AN IMMORTAL. AND NOW THIS. USING THAT DEAD WOMAN'S UNBORN CHILD TO SPAWN THESE CREATURES. AN UNBORN CHILD! EVEN OUR KIND DO NOT DARE TAMPER WITH THAT MAGIC! A MOTHER AND CHILD THAT DIED AS ONE!"
YOU KNOW IT IS FORBIDDEN!! YOU KNOW A PRICE MUST BE PAID!!
SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
TIRED OF HEARING ME SPEAK? I SEE YOU STILL WEAR JINOFRI'S FACE LIKE SOME SORT OF TROPHY. PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER TO LISTEN TO HIM?

WAKE UP, JINOFRI.
SWINE! YOU PUTRID LITTLE SWINE! YOU STOLE IT FROM ME! YOU WERE NOTHING! NOTHING! AND THEY ALL KNOW IT!
STOP!
SLEEP, JINOFRI.

YES, YOU HAVE MUCH TO PAY FOR. THE BRETHREN AND I HAVE CONSIDERED BRINGING YOU BACK TO THE PIT.
NO! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE! MERCY! SHOW ME MERCY, BROTHER! TELL THEM YOU DIDN'T FIND ME! I'LL RUN FAR AWAY AND CRAWL IN A DARK HOLE! I'LL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN! NOT THE PIT! MERCY!
YOU KNOW THERE IS NO MERCY IN OUR KIND, PRIEST. YOU DESERVE NOTHING LESS THAN A THOUSAND YEARS OF TORMENT.
HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE REASON TO GRANT YOU A REPRIEVE.
YOU DID AFTER ALL LEAD US TO THIS PLACE.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE YOUR DELIGHT WHEN YOU STUMBLED UPON THIS TOWN. IT SEEPS MISERY. THE CURSE PERMEATES THE STONE OF EVERY STREET. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I ENCOUNTERED SUCH A PLACE. SUCH A POWER.
IT DRAWS ALL DARK THINGS TO IT. CREATURES AND SPIRITS. IT FILLS THE LIVES OF ALL WHO INHABIT IT WITH CALAMITY AND SORROW. IT'S GLORIOUS. OH, THE GREAT THINGS WE COULD ACCOMPLISH HERE.
YOU STOPPED YOUR WANDERING AND SETTLED RIGHT IN. BUT YOU WEREN'T ABOUT TO SHARE YOUR DISCOVERY WITH US, WERE YOU?
WHY SHOULD I?! I WAS DISGRACED! THIS WAS MINE! I FOUND IT! MINE!

WELL IT'S NOT YOURS ANY LONGER. YOUR INCOMPETENCE IN HANDLING THIS TREASURE IS OBVIOUS. YOUR RECENT HISTORY WITH THIS STREET THUG THAT HAS THWARTED YOU AT EVERY TURN IS PROOF OF THAT.
WE HAVE FOUND SOMEONE WHO WILL HANDLE THIS SITUATION. SOMEONE TO BE OUR REPRESENATIVE IN THIS PLACE. OUR NEW FOOTHOLD IN THE MORTAL WORLD. YOU WILL BE ANSWERABLE TO HIM.
I ANSWER TO NO ONE!
WOULD YOU PREFER THE PIT?
I THOUGHT NOT.
HOWEVER, THERE IS STILL A PRICE TO BE PAID. AND MY AGENT REQUIRES YOUR ASSISTANCE.

YEAH, YOU BETTER STAY DOWN, YA BIG TRANNY!
HEY! HEY, YOU KIDS! YOU PUT THAT DYNAMITE BACK!
IF YOU WANT DYNAMITE YER GONNA HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!
AW, DAMMIT!

ZOMBIE!
GOON, THERE'S A ZOMBIE IN THE ALLEY! TRIED TO COME IN MY WINDOW!
A SLACK-JAW? WAS HE WEARING A BOWLER HAT WITH A DAISY IN IT AND TRYING TO SELL YOU A CHEAP WATCH? 'CAUSE IF HE WAS, THAT WAS JUST WILLIE NAGEL.
NO, HE HAD LONG BLACK HAIR AND TRIED TO BREAK IN MY WINDOW! GO LOOK!

SMELLY STEVE?
GAH!
AWW, HELL, STEVE.

AND THEN I SAYS TO HER, I SAYS, HEY, THE JESUS LOVES ME! YOU THINK YER BETTER THAN THE JESUS?! AND SHE JUST KEPT HITTING ME WITH THAT OLD LADY'S CANE.
WOMEN ARE A MYSTERY, SON.
SHZZZZZZZK!
BAHAHAH!
NAGEL, WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?!
Shovel

TELL ME SOMETHIN', NAGEL. I BEEN WONDERIN' ABOUT THIS. HOW COME MOST SLACK-JAWS ARE, LIKE, BRAIN DEAD? YA KNOW, STAGGERIN' AROUND AND GRUNTIN'. BUT SOME OF THEM, LIKE YOU, STILL GOT THEIR BRAINS ABOUT 'EM?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW. BUT I GOT A SUSPICION.
SEE, MOST FOLKS GO THROUGH LIFE ALREADY A ZOMBIE. THEY JUST FOLLOW THE HERD. DOING WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DOING. WHAT'S EXPECTED OF THEM. BUT THERE IS SOME THAT GOT PERSONALITY. I HAD HEAPS OF PERSONALITY.
AHH!
"I WALKED MY OWN ROAD. I TRAVELED THE RAILS. I DID WHAT I WANTED WHEN I WANTED. I WAS A FREE MAN. WASN'T NOTHING SCARIER TO ME THAN BEING ANOTHER SCHMUCK IN A WORLD OF SCHMUCKS.
"I RECKON WHEN YOU'RE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD, DEPENDS ON WHAT KINDA PERSON YOU WAS AS TO WHAT KINDA THING YOU'LL BE."
AAAAAAAHH!
TO BE CONTINUED.

When you reach the plateau of comic-book superstardom, fame and fortune are things that you have to learn to deal with. Fame was no problem for me. I have enough self-respect to turn away the groupies. And the fact that most of the groupies are sweaty overweight men has nothing to do with it. But when it came to the fortune, I was a little lost. Now I know how superstar athletes feel when they sign giant rookie contracts. When you automatically have wealth beyond imagining at your disposal, it can drive you a little crazy. I mean, I could literally buy one of those recliners with one of those built-in vibrating butt massagers, or a new riding lawnmower without even having to finance it. As long as it wasn't one of those zero-degree turn-radius mowers. Those things are expensive. Anyway, I'm not bragging. That's just the way it is. And now that I've become a thousandaire, I've been looking into ways to best handle my newfound wealth. I've considered a few charities. Feed the Starving African Aids Babies. Educate the Homeless Homosexual Prostitutes Fund. All that crap. But in the end, I decided to contribute to a much more worthwhile cause. I'M SPONSORING A CAGE FIGHTER!!

Ray Armstrong

That's right! I bought a cage fighter! His name is Ray Armstrong of Armstrong Martial Arts. He likes to kick guys in the head and choke them! Yeah, anybody got anything they want to say about me now? Oh, hello! Here's my cage fighter's knee to the side of your face! Did I mention he really likes to choke?

photo by Matt Parkinson

He'll choke anything that gets too close. Once I shoved an old lady into his back to see what would happen. Her @$% got choked! That's what this guy does, people. He's like the plastic rings from a six pack of beer and you're the unassuming little rodent or water fowl getting your neck all tangled up, and then your eyes bulge out, and you suffocate, and you die. That's life.

photo by Matt Parkinson

I know some of you are saying, "Eric, so he has excellent choking skills, but what else is a cage fighter good for?" Well, just let me tell you! Cage fighters are exceptional in a companionship capacity. Much more so than a retriever.

photos by Matt Parkinson

And a hell of a lot more than a terrier. My cage fighter and I do all kinds of stuff. We get ice cream, see family-oriented films, and go to the park together. The swings are my favorite.

But you have to be careful when turning your back on a cage fighter, due to their natural chokey instincts.

—Eric Powell

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